

# THE WESLEYAN

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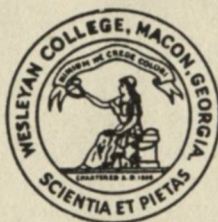
*27*

THE NECESSITY OF BEING A RAT.....	EDITORIAL	3
THE FATAL ATTEMPT.....	BERTHA STANFIELD	6
THE JURY SAID "NO".....	RUBY LAYSON	11
THE CHANGE .....	TEEN LANE	16
FANTASY .....	LEE DIPPY	18
WHO KILLED DR. GIN? .....	BETSY HOPKINS	30
OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE? .....	ANN DODD	31
THOUGHTS BEHIND A BOOK .....	PEGGY BEESON	33
WE WANT TO TEACH .....	LIBBA HARMAN	34
LETTER FROM MISS CARNES .....	KPC	36



# THE WESLEYAN

Volume LXIV



Number 1

THE WESLEYAN

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*In 1811, Shelley was, to use the most accurate term, "thrown out" of Oxford for publishing his essay, "The Necessity of Being an Atheist." I am not Shelley, I am merely "Dippy." And I don't virtually expect to be expelled, but . . . well, next issue I may be able to publish "Confessions of an Ex-editor."*

## THE NECESSITY OF BEING A RAT

After four rat days at Wesleyan, one should certainly be impervious. But I'm not. As a freshman, I thought rat day, as we observe it, adolescent. As a sophomore, I thought it degrading. As a junior, I found it disgusting, and as a senior I was revolted. Notoriously tactless, I accordingly submit the following, very earnestly begging you to read it thoughtfully. (Address replies in a letter to the editor.)

Being a rat at Wesleyan is a necessity. A sorority initiation is a personal and voluntary process; a ratting is a social necessity. Last rat night there were men out here; for the first time in my life I was infinitely glad I didn't have a man with me. The truth is, I was embarrassed and shamed. And I wasn't alone in these feelings. To object as a freshman is cowardly. To object as a soph is "trying-to-make-the-other-sophs look mean." To object as an upperclassman is "not minding your own business." I know. I objected.

Facts you demand. Give us facts. Facts, facts, facts. Here are your facts. This year 13 girls were in the infirmary. There because they like it? I doubt it. There to avoid rat day? I doubt that, too. It takes more nerve to do that than to face the situation. Yet . . . maybe a couple of "escapists." What about the others? Ask the nurse!

Rat Day is great fun! I can't think of anything more fun than having hysterics, unless it is seeing another girl have hysterics—laughing, sobbing and crying without being able to stop. I'm not forgetting how hilarious it was that two girls who fell because of the inverted skirts had to be examined by doctors, merely because broken bones were feared. You say this year was particularly bad? Probably. I really think the rat, who, two year ago, spent days in bed nursing raw flesh, souvenir of a rat race,—I'm sure she was having splendid fun. But I've heard from numerous Atlanta people that the Wesleyanne's father didn't think it was so cute. No doubt his sense of humor is slightly warped. Poor man, never getting any fun out of life.



More facts? You're welcome to them. By a poll, we have ascertained that a growing number of girls are willing to abolish rat day in its present form. A majority of girls think rat day should be changed. Some seniors said that as freshmen, they were, perhaps, unconsciously afraid of being called poor sports if they objected to some phases of rat day. One upperclassman described rat day as "crude and barbarian in some ways." The words are apt. Yet, another senior said hastily, "If anyone can't take rat day, they shouldn't be at college." What an amazing basis on which to judge a girl's ability to contribute to, and deserve benefit from, a college! That eliminates a great many of us. Furthermore, may I say there is a difference between "can't take" and "doesn't-see-any-sense-in-taking?" A vast difference.

When asked for reasons why we should continue rat day, I could only get 3 answers: First, "It's tradition." It was once traditional for a Hindu wife to leap on the funeral pyre of her husband.

Secondly, I was told it gives a student a sense of class spirit, "of belonging." Perhaps, but if there were no rat day, am I to conclude freshmen would never actually feel as though they "belonged" at Wesleyan? How about the big schools that don't have rat days? It's pitiful that the University of Georgia and Vassar are so spiritless. We really should, as generous collegiates, send them our rat day remedy. The third reason was, to quote, "There is no reason, but there's honestly no reason for anything when you get right down to it." Printing matter costs money. Otherwise I might be tempted to compile a list of reasons for various phenomena. Instead, may I humbly advance the theory that there might, just might, be a reason for war, for epidemics, for flunking—and even for the birth of people who can't think of a reason for anything—that is, who can't think.

Surely rat day has a reason. Fun? Discomfort, ugliness, nasty jobs, exhaustion—fun, of course. Advancing education and culture? An admitted fact. Encouraging good health? Who could doubt it? On the other hand, reasons against rat day carry not nearly so much logic. The fatigue, the loss of valuable time, the intense disgust of a number of individuals, the psychological strain . . . minor points for consideration, I'm sure everyone agrees. Detriment to Wesleyan's name off campus as rumor magnifies the day's bad side, the indignation of groups of parents . . . who cares? Not us. We must have our fun.

The staff and faculty have had a good chance to observe our

kind of ratting over the years. It is no secret that they disapprove. The general idea was expressed by "I despise your rat day and everything about it." Several said "I don't like the girls to do anything to endanger their health or safety." Almost all of the faculty agree in opinion. So do many students.

But everyone has a right to her own opinion. You may think rat day fun. All right, but here's my point. Rat day, as it stands now, has nothing to stand on. Actually, it is tottering. Yet, if you must have rat day, and it seems some of you must . . . CHANGE IT. Find something original. Substitute cleaverness and sportsmanly ingenuity for a crude physical endurance test. Indulge in class superiority if you must, but don't lower yourselves to do it. If you want to keep rat day, you'll have to change its form. How is up to you.

I am not suggesting remedies; I advocate abolition.

THE LOST LEANORE

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"The Georgia Cracker"*

## ARE YOU A PIPE?

Bad men want their women to be like cigarettes . . . slender and trim, all in a row to be selected at will, set aflame and when the flame has subsided, discarded only to select another.

Fastidious men want their women like a cigar . . . more expensive, make a better appearance, last longer for after all, if the brand is good, they are seldom discarded but used to the end.

A good man wants his woman to be like a pipe . . . something he becomes attached to, knocks gently but lovingly and takes care of always.

A man will give you a cigarette, offer you a cigar, but he never shares his pipe.



*Although Bertha is not at Wesleyan this semester, we cannot help hoping she will come back, and contribute more work like the following story she has kindly consented to let us print.*

## THE FATAL ATTEMPT

Mary looked over the paper again, and sighed. There was just no pleasing him. She looked again at the little red marks. She couldn't understand it. She looked again at the C—He just didn't like her—that was all. Mary jammed the paper into her notebook, half-angrily. There was just one thing left to do. She would go talk to him. She walked across the campus to Etat Hall, climbed the stairs to the second floor, and knocked at the first door to the right.

"Come in!"

Mary pushed the door open and stepped inside. He was sitting at his desk grading papers. He looked up as she came in.

"Hello, Mary."

"Good morning, Dr. Pepper." Mary hesitated. Now that she was there, she felt ridiculous. She felt her face grow warm.

"I—I believe I misunderstood the assignment for tomorrow. Would you mind giving it to me?"

"Sure. Sit down, Mary."

Dr. Pepper gave her the assignment, and Mary got up to leave.

"Wait a minute, Mary," he said. "If you've got time I'd like to talk with you a minute about your work."

Mary sat back down.

"Yes, sir?"

"You've done some good work this year, Mary," He tapped his pencil thoughtfully on his hand, "But your grades have been falling off a little lately."

"Yes, sir."

"I like your way of writing, Mary. You seem to write easily—without effort. But you've gotten into something of a rut with your plots, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you don't put enough struggle in them." He searched through the papers on his desk. "Take this one you turned in yesterday." He opened the paper and glanced over it. "You bring the boy and girl together without any trouble. Everything happy and pleasant. Then at their wedding just as he says 'till death do us part' the church falls in and kills them both!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, for goodness sake, why?"

"I thought it was dramatic."

Dr. Pepper threw back his head and laughed. "Don't you think it's a little fatalistic?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you try being a little less tragic?—Give your characters a chance. Let everything end happily once in a while."

"Yes, sir, I'll try to. But they just always seem to come out sad."

"Well, you do your best, Mary," Dr. Pepper laughed. "That's all, then."

Mary reached home, ate dinner, and immediately got out her paper and pencil to write. She sat in an armchair. For a long time she sat, hardly moving, searching her mind for the germ of a plot. Finally she got up and moved to another chair. Again there was a long, futile struggle for thought. None came. She pitched her notebook down on the rug and sat down, Buddha-fashion, before it. She stared and tried to think. Vainly.

As a last resort she shoved her notebook from her, then moved forward flat on her stomach before it. For some reason, she thought of lying on her stomach on a beach.

Eureka! That was it! She would write a story based on her last year's vacation. She had had such a good time, a story about that would just have to be happy. She could make up names, add a little fiction, pretend it was all fiction. She had met a boy from her home town, and also a boy who lived at Daytona . . . that was it. With a little fiction . . .

Mary shifted to a more comfortable position, flourished her pencil as if winding up for a fast start, and with bold letters wrote across the top of the sheet, "The Beauty and the Beach." Then she placed the pencil tip in her mouth and congratulated herself on the cleverness of the title. Hesitating to collect her thoughts, she marked in the margin of her paper. Thirty minutes later, the margins were well-filled, and Mary was still hesitating, collecting her thoughts.

Suddenly, though, she looked up at the clock. Startled that it was already 3:30, with a sort of panic, she turned to the paper again. After a number of false starts, erasures, and alterations, she completed her first sentence. "Susie Jones stepped from the plane at Daytona with a feeling of unbounded freedom and exhilaration." She had really ridden a bus, thought Mary, and



when she had got off, she had been hot and sticky and dead tired, but there was no need to make it too prosaic. She went on. "Susie turned to the lovely young girl who followed her from the plane, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Julie, we'll have a wonderful time!'" It was really her mother who had gone with her, but, well, mothers just weren't the right sort for adventures.

An hour passed, and tortuously weaving its way over and through marked-out lines, the story progressed. Actually, Mary had met the two boys—she called them Charles and Jim—through her mother's friends in Daytona. But in her story she had Susie and Julie meet them in a more romantic fashion. Lying on the beach one day, they saw the two boys pass. A few minutes later, they passed again, this time looking at the two girls with an unmistakable interest. Pretending to be insulted, Susie and Julie got up and left. The flirtation went on for several days, with little progress, and then, Susie and Julie, with their vacation drawing to a close, decided they had better take steps. Susie suggested they swim out beyond the safety ropes, being sure that Jim and Charles were near, and that Julie pretend to be drowning.

Mary smiled to herself, pleased with her success in making the story light and untouched with any thought of sadness. After another hour of writing, erasing, rewriting, and changing, she had the girls out in the ocean, and Julie went into her act. Susie swam to her, pretending to try to save her. The two girls struggled together and screamed at the top of their voices. Jim and Charles were some distance away, but they swam toward the girls.

Now, thought Mary, was the time to bring in a little struggle. She'd show Dr. Pepper. She wrote:

"Jim and Charles streaked through the water toward the struggling girls, who were splashing and flailing the water desperately. Indeed, so enthusiastically had they played their parts that they had almost exhausted themselves in reality. Suddenly a wave rolled upon them. Julie failed to see it in time and was struck full in the face just as she had opened her mouth to scream. The water strangled her. Confused, she grabbed desperately for Susie."

Mary became excited and enthusiastic with the struggle.

"Another wave broke over them, this time covering the heads of both the girls. Jim and Charles were still streaking through the water toward them. Like pistons, their arms flashed up and



down, battling the protesting ocean. They shouted encouragement to the girls. The screams of the girls had now become terror-stricken, but they were cut off completely as the girls, fighting to hold on to each other, sank again out of sight."

Vividly imagining the plight of her characters, Mary was becoming frantic. She knew Jim and Charles must be getting awfully tired streaking through the water, but she just must let them save the girls. But how could they? They were still more than 30 yards from the girls, and the girls' frantic efforts to stay on the surface of the water were growing more and more futile.

Thinking desperately, Mary wrote again. "Faster and faster Jim and Charles swam. Charles, the better swimmer, began to pull ahead of Jim. Finally he reached the two girls, pulled them from each other, and tried to hold them both afloat."

Mary stopped. Could he hold both of them? Her common sense said no. He must choose between them. Her pencil flew to the paper.

"Charles knew he could not hold them both. They began to sink. He must choose between them. But which? How could he decide?"

How could Mary decide? What did it matter? Jim would save the other. . .

"Shouting to Jim to save the other, Charles released Julie and began towing Susie toward the shore. Julie floundered feebly and sank. Putting every ounce of his strength into the last few strokes, Jim reached and caught her just as she went under."

Mary was frantic. She knew Jim must be exhausted. How could he carry the extra burden when he could hardly swim further alone? He just must! Mary wrote.

"Putting the last ounce of his strength—" but he had already put his last ounce of strength . . . There must be something else. Maybe a boat could come by . . . But Dr. Pepper wouldn't like that either. That would be just chance, without any reason. No, Jim must struggle, without the help of chance. She began again.

"Jim struggled to keep himself and Julie afloat, but his arms were dead with fatigue. Every move was made with effort. He could no longer rise above the waves. His nose became filled with water. He strangled, despite his efforts, and lost all control of his movements."

Mary wiped her brow. How could she save them? She had to be reasonable.

Charles just couldn't reach shore, then return for them. There



was no one else around. Happiness or no happiness, they would just have to drown. Regretfully, but dutifully, she wrote, in two morbid paragraphs, of the last spasms of their struggle and the final tragic, terrifying descent into the dark, ominous waters.

At least she had got Susie and Charles out safe. But wait! What of the effect on Susie of Julie's death? Had Susie not been the one who suggested the fatal prank? Was she not, then, indirectly the murderess of her friend? Could she return home happy after such an event?

Mary half-sobbed. But she knew what she must do. Art must not be sacrificed for grades. She put the pencil on the page, and wrote. Every word was an agony, but Susie must do what Susie would do. In four paragraphs, Susie's emotions overcame her reason. Almost insane with grief, she went back to the beach that night, swam to the spot where Julie and Jim had drowned. Her body was found on the beach the next morning.

Mary wiped the moisture from her eyes, and read again the last few paragraphs which so poignantly described Susie's touching, pathetic sacrifice.

After supper, Mary typed the story, and prepared it to hand in the next day. Then she sat brooding. Why could she never seem to finish a story happily—even one drawn from her own life? Was there an evil omen in this fact? Was there some strange spell upon her?

Mary's thoughts flew back to her vacation. Was it not truly happy? She had met two cute boys. Both had seemed interested in her. And yet, now that she thought about it, it was strange how they both had dropped from her life so soon. She had never even heard from the Daytona boy, the one she called Charles, and she had seen the one she called Jim only twice since. Was that not a sort of tragedy, when one considered how happy and how gaily promising was their week together on the beach? How futile, how sad, was hope.

Mary's heart was heavy. She slept only fitfully that night. Dreams of drowning, tragedy, suicide, broke her sleep. The next day it was only habit, dull, mechanical, which carried her to school. She handed in the story. Somehow she got through the day. She went home, thoughts of tragedy, drowning, suicide still in her mind. That night she drew the bathtub completely full for her bath.

BERTHA STANFIELD



*Ruby covered the dramatic trial of the snake charmers in Kentucky this summer for her paper.*

## THE JURY SAID "NO"

"Pardon me . . . Could I get by, please . . . Pardon me . . . I'm sorry . . . Could I get by, please . . . I'm a reporter . . . Pardon me . . ." Pushing, shoving, stepping on people and getting stepped on, but knowing that something was going to happen and I had to get in on it, I forced my way through. "Pardon me . . . I'm a reporter . . ." Smothering in the sweltering heat of the crowded, low-ceilinged courtroom, I succeeded at last in working my way to the front.

I still didn't know what was happening. The sheriff, sitting on the front row, rose to give me a seat. "Looks like we got some excitement today," he confided. "They brung down some snake-handlers from city court at Cumberland. Arrested four of 'em the other night."

Snake-handlers! This was important, and obviously my editor hadn't heard about it. Although religious sects had been handling snakes for years in the mountains, none of them had been interfered with before. I was surprised that I had not realized why so many people were there.

I looked around more carefully. By then several hundred persons were packed in the small county courtroom, which had perhaps a hundred seats. One family had brought a baby buggy in, and from time to time the mother would fan her suffering child with a cardboard fan. The heat was oppressive.

The commonwealth attorney was joking with several lawyers at the prosecutor's table, and I could hear snatches of their cynical comments above the uproar.

"—oughta get some of those snakes in here—"

"—bring 'em in and that's when I leave. Bet that'd be one way to thin this crowd out!"

A woman snorted at my elbow.

"Huh—half o'em that's in hyur 'd stay!" The dullness of her appearance was relieved somewhat by the fanatical light on her round face as she nodded emphatically. She wore a long, shapeless, faded cotton dress, and her colorless hair, like that of most of the women present, was pulled back into a plain knot. As I observed her I realized that I was the only person there



with lipstick on, and I wondered if I looked strange to the others. The woman was the center of the group nearest me, and I could hear most of their conversation. A tall, thin little girl of about thirteen was hanging on their words.

"They'll see who's right and who's wrong . . ."

"Look over thur at Cindy—oh, dear God, I'd be so proud if'n I could be up thur with 'em!"

"—the bunch that's hyur. I can see right off twenty or thirty that's handled snakes—"

"—Joe, and Lizzie, they was a-handlin' 'em, and—"

"—ain't a-gonna stop us—"

"—read the Bible—"

"These lawyers and all 'd see."

"—chapter of Mark—"

The judge emerged from his office, and a few people moved grudgingly aside to let him by. Taking his seat on the raised platform, he rapped impatiently with a gavel, and the murmuring began to die down.

"Are these the four defendants?" he demanded. "Come around in front. You are charged with handling snakes at a public gathering, in violation of Kentucky law. What do you say to this charge?"

The two men and two women looked at each other foolishly for a moment, not certain what to say.

"I handled 'em, and I'll handle 'em again!" the woman they had been calling Cindy burst out proudly, a militant look on her fat face.

The defense attorney interposed himself deftly between judge and defendants.

"We will stand trial, your honor. My clients plead not guilty on the grounds that the provision of the statutes is unconstitutional and an abridgement of religious freedom."

"Let's hear what they say about it," Judge Howard ordered sharply.

"They all plead not guilty, your honor."

"Is that right?"

The four looked at each other again and nodded. A deputy left to summon a jury from the loafers around the courthouse, and the murmuring was resumed. The young girl I had noticed before was watching me curiously as I scribbled in my ever-present scratch pad.

"That's my daddy over there," she volunteered, pointing to-

ward the defendants. "Them police come up there and arrested 'em just because they got it in for Daddy. He's the preacher." She told me the names of the other defendants, and I noticed that her father and Cindy had taken out Bibles and were poring over them.

"They've not done nothin' none of us ain't done, or wouldn't do if'n the spirit moved us to it," the woman at my elbow was saying.

"God will reward them for their faith."

"Oh, how I love 'em all! I'm goin' over thur to stand with 'em, I don't care who tries to stop me."

"I'm goin' too!" my companion declared, jumping up. "I guess I got a right to be there."

The judge rapped again, and in the hostile silence he ordered the jurors who had been filing in to take the two front rows. Prosecution and defense began to examine them. Five of the twelve had been to religious services where snakes were handled; three admitted they would not under any circumstances return a verdict of guilty. Finally six men acceptable to both sides were selected, and the trial began. The defense attorney asked to have the defendants sworn.

"Hold up your right hands. Do you and each of you solemnly swear—"

"Hit's agin my religion to swar." Cindy had spoken, and the others were echoing her attitude.

"Hold up your hands, and you can affirm rather than swear," the judge explained patiently. The four hesitated; none lifted his hands. Their lawyer conferred with them a moment and announced that they would not testify.

As the testimony began the oneness of the group was evident. Their faces wore the same look of tension, hostility, stolidity—dullness animated and transformed by a feverish fanaticism. There was a rhythmic, hostile undercurrent throughout the trial; the audience almost breathed as one.

Gradually the story emerged. Policemen who had attended the meeting repeated the leader's announcement to his congregation that they would handle snakes "if the spirit moved them," despite interference. The officers were doing what the law said to do, but he was doing what God said to do—and he would handle serpents. They described the manner in which the four had handled the rattlesnake, twisting, it, coiling it around their necks, fondling it. They described the scene as one of the men



had picked up his baby daughter and carried her to the poisonous snake, screaming, "I want her to handle it too, and know this glory!"

At last the testimony was over, and the jury withdrew. The undaunted defendants smiled at the audience. The hubbub rose again.

"—prayin' for 'em harder than I've ever prayed in my life—"

"—like to sing a hymn right now!"

"—here in the Bible—"

"—chapter of Mark—"

When the jury could not agree and returned without a verdict, the defendants embraced each other triumphantly. Court was adjourned for lunch, and the audience poured into the lobby. They were expecting a show, and they had one. Cindy began to quiver. Her eyes were glazed, and she shouted in an unintelligible jargon. The other woman defendant bounded up the steps with wild, awkward leaps, screaming hysterically. Another began to sing, and others joined in. The preacher's little girl was standing in the front ranks.

"I knew they couldn't do nothing to 'em!" she told me.

The trial was resumed that afternoon in the larger circuit courtroom with a new jury. It was anticlimatic. The defendants again refused to testify, and the same testimony was repeated. The jury left, and the defendants settled back, secure in their faith. The second jury required less time for deliberation, and there was something different in the atmosphere when they came out. The judge looked up hopefully.

"Read your verdict to the court."

"We the jury find the defendants guilty as charged . . ."

When the foreman stopped a silence settled over the room, in striking contrast to the earlier jubilation. Then the crowd surged around the defendants, murmuring resentfully in low tones. They were martyrs now. Judge, jury, and attorneys left, but the others remained, shifting uneasily and conferring in small groups. No one was ready to leave. The little girl who had talked to me before sought me out again.

"Ever'body's got it in for Daddy, but they ain't gonna stop him," she insisted. "Them old police—! They told Daddy they was gonna beat him up."

I noticed someone frowning at my friend, but she would not be stopped.



"We're having another meeting tonight, and I'm gonna stay as late as Daddy does!" she announced. "If they handle snakes tonight I will, too . . ."

I left. I had a story to write.

RUBY LAYSON

## THE CHANGE

Her name was Mary. The first time I saw Mary was when she was a baby and she was of a family like the rest of our families.

But the first time I really remember Mary was when she came to college. She was like all other freshmen who came—eager, wanting new friends, infinitely conscious of herself, and of the impression she would make upon people. I liked Mary, for you see she is what you would call a nice, good girl. A girl from a family of financial security, position in the community and religious faith. She had had a lovely home life and thus far a certain measure of success in her life. As I said she was an eager, well liked, unexciting girl as a freshman.

I have never seen such a series of changes come over a person from her freshman year to her senior year as came over Mary.

Mary flunked a subject her freshman year. This turned her attention, focused formerly on her eagerness for college life, to one person—herself.

She felt disillusioned, unsure of herself, and bitterly disappointed in life. She changed outwardly. She became sarcastic, cynical, and indifferent. I can see myself now as I tried to engage her in conversation. It was futile. Mary scowled, pouted, slouched. Her whole being reflected her disappointment, her uncertainty, her dejection.

Once I thought she would come out of this. She liked a person . . . a kind, considerate person. But then I was disappointed. She turned aside.

The months stretched out and added up. The same appearance, I thought. And then I would think, no, she can't be totally bitter. Every once in a while, I could look under the surface and could see that Mary was still sensitive, and in a great emotional turmoil. Why, she was not gone! Often there would be a shy smile that came over the sullen face or a faint light in the listless eyes. She was not gone.

But the year ended and another came and ended. And still there were only faint signs of Mary's living. However, the signs grew and multiplied and a change did come.

Now, Mary is a living, vital person. She is a more confident



person, one who is not aloof, one who has friends, and one who no longer pities herself, but one who knows herself.

The turmoil has turned into peace.

It has been a remarkable change. It was a change that could have been wrought only by God. *It was God.* You will say no, she became adjusted to college life. I say it was wrought by God. You will say no, she has grown up. And again, I will say it was God. You will say no, she fell in love. Once more, I will say it was God. No matter how many reasons you advance against my theory I will oppose them.

You see Mary sought something. The thing she thought was God. And God sought Mary. Even though she strayed, He sought her. He made Himself felt. And she found Him. It may have been in people who still believe in Mary, it may have been in her family, it may have been anything. But she found Him.

Through His personality, she learned . . . learned that He could give one a meaningful purpose in life, and that it was up to one to find it. Mary had had a "no-use" and a "don't care" attitude.

Through her personal feelings and humbleness Mary found God to be an Ultimate Reality. She learned to be dependent upon Him, to have confidence in Him. "In God we live, and move and have our being." Acts 17:28.

She found that God has Power. Power to make the universe, to keep us dependent, and to conserve all the spiritual aspects of life.

She believes that God is Dependable, is Purposeful. The world He created is not merely a living machine running, even beautifully, to no end.

God's spirit is in all matters; God is Transcendental.

Mary discovered Him to be Emminent, and to be Good. It was all there in life.

All of these . . . power, dependability, eminence, transcendentalism, and goodness are abstractions until this feeling of God as a Personality is reached. In this personal unity with Him, the ritual, the organization, the tradition of the church and theology become meaningful. Faith is found not through piecemeal discussions of religion and science, religion and social problems, religion and psychology. It is not enough that we should be satisfied with these means. As Harry Emerson Fosdick has said, "Watch the men and women who came through hard experiences in difficult generations with heads unbowed and hearts un-



crushed and one habitually discerns in them an experience of contact—vital, inward contact—with a power greater than their own. Humbly sharing the Master's experience they too say, I have overcome the world, and with them, victory springs more than from pluck, more than from a philosophy of life only; it springs from an actual working alliance with a source of power from beyond ourselves."

You see I know that it was God Himself who gave this to Mary for I am Mary . . .

TEEN LANE

*One man caught between the ruthless strength of one woman and the mad genius of another . . .*

## FANTASY

"Merry Christmas, lady," the slightly inebriated driver beamed as he thrust out a red, chapped hand for the woman's fare. "And a happy . . ." he looked up, still grinning. Large green eyes followed the curve of his lips dwelling in undisguised wonder at the corners of his mouth. The grin withered; the words dried up in his throat. Someone out there in the thronging mob yelled, "Taxi." The driver shuddered as he swerved out into the traffic again. "Mighta' thought that dame'd never see a guy grin again," he muttered.

Charlotte Mord stood calmly on the pavement watching the white exhaust vanish into the fog. Something bumped her leg—a Christmas tree. Carollers brushed past slapping mittened hands vigorously together and singing, "God Bless You Merry Gentlemen" by blurred, golden-ringed candlelight. "Tinsel, tinsel! Buy your tinsel here for ten cents," clamored a lumbering giant as he wiped watering eyes on a huge, plaid handkerchief. Charlotte turned slowly. She felt the package squash underfoot even before the eagle-beaked, little woman began shaking an angry cane at her with one hand and with the other gesticulating furiously at the crushed and torn parcel now floating down the gutter, its golden ribbon already slimy. With the shriek, "Donner Wetter nocheinmal," pounding in her ears, Charlotte clutched her furs closer, and wove her way to the edge of the wharf ropes.

Now all the heavy, nauseating odor rose in her nostrils; her eyes wandered helplessly over the ropes to the thick, grimy waters slushing around in their own black ugliness. A long gut-



tural cough bellowed across the water to her as the huge bulk of the ferry loomed out of the fog. Suddenly terror seized her; she wheeled madly. And in the second she saw before her the whole insane pattern the wild, vivid drama of her life.

The years fell away and she was back in the big house on Riverside Drive. It was Christmas and Charlotte was home from Swarthmore for two weeks. She usually found someplace else to go on holidays; she seldom came to Riverside Manor, but she did this Christmas because her Aunt Edith had sent for her. At first Charlotte had been amazed at the summons. Edith Covington disliked her niece as much as Charlotte disliked her, and had never before troubled to hide the feeling. As Charlotte climbed the broad staircase to her room, she wondered if there were settlements to be made. Long ago, when it had happened, there had been a lot of talk about the estate. She had been in boarding school then, and the girls had been so amazed, so—almost hurt, at the way she had taken it.

"Both of them?" she had asked Miss Preston.

"Yes."

"I see . . . And Cornelia, my younger sister, you know?"

"She was rescued."

"Oh."

"She's coming back to the states."

"Where?"

"To your father's sister's place. She is now your guardian."

"Miss Covington?"

"Yes. Your Aunt Edith, my dear. She will be very kind, I'm sure. And you shall soon love her."

Charlotte hadn't even tried to smile. She had never known anyone she loved. Later in her room she waited for some unalien tide of grief to seize her, for the "terrible realization," as Miss Preston foresaw it, to "overcome her stunned senses." But it never came. Her eyes remained dry. It had been too many years since she had seen her parents; it seemed odd even to think of them. As she sat on the bed plucking at tufts of chenille, Charlotte knew she hadn't thought of them three times that winter. Miss Preston handled the occasional cablegrams and the bank account; there was nothing left for Charlotte to do. Dr. and Mrs. Mord were figures far back in her childhood. They were hardly figures—mere names. Once, Charlotte thought bitterly, once she had needed the soft-faced woman who was her mother. But, at that time, her mother was already on her way back to



China. She hadn't come to Charlotte. That was almost nine years ago. Since then she had learned not to need her. Sometimes when she had read of the brave work of her parents in the Chinese field, she had experienced a brief desire to see them. But it was always brief. Hadn't they abandoned her? Abandoned her to Miss Covington and to boarding schools? Hadn't they left her behind? Miss Covington said it was because of her illness; malaria was bad in China. But they hadn't left Cornelia behind. Charlotte tried hard to picture her sister. She couldn't. She remembered a baby sister; that was all. Charlotte herself had been a baby at six. She swung her feet down off the bed and slid them into the moccasins. She supposed the story of Dr. and Mrs. Mord's death in the notorious Boxer Uprising would be in the papers tonight. She ought to get one.

That's how it had been about their death. Charlotte hadn't liked moving her things to Riverside Manor, but it hadn't really made much difference because she was almost never home. It was still that way. Now as she examined her make-up in the mirror, she felt that old chill of the house. She wondered how Cornelia endured it all the time. She didn't want to, but she thought she ought to go see her sister before she went to bed. She did not even think of going to her aunt's room.

Cornelia was huddled at the foot of her bed reading. As Charlotte scanned the room from the door behind Cornelia she wondered why Cornelia preferred to be tutored in the dismal, lonely house, to going away to school. At first, Charlotte had tried to persuade the strange girl, but it seemed to her the more she reasoned, the more Cornelia shrank into the delicate shell that was the Chinese of her first fourteen years. The first day Charlotte had seen Cornelia, she had been stunned. The girl was beautiful—utterly beautiful. It was not poise and pride that made her beautiful; it was a lovely fragility. Charlotte was dark. Black eyes were lustreful against olive skin and firm, scarlet lips. Her hair was a heavy black that clung together. Cornelia's eyes were colorless, or, if they had color, were a violet-silver that caught other shades like a mirror. Her skin was soft and her mouth was young. Charlotte had always been famed as handsome; Cornelia was matchless. Later, Charlotte was to be glad she had never been able to persuade Cornelia to enter her own world. Meanwhile, she was forced to admit she had no genuine fondness for the girl. Somehow she could never think of her without associating her with the inferiority of the orient.



Charlotte was to learn the orient held witchery as well. But, over the five years since Cornelia had brought her child-like wonder into the house, Charlotte had only been with her a half-dozen times. Yet, in those few visits, she couldn't help realizing how much her younger sister reflected the gentle life of her missionary parents. Charlotte defied her cynical aunt brazenly and thus endowed herself with a certain amount of respect. But she watched Cornelia recoil in horror from the unkindness of her aunt's welcome and shrink within herself as the passing months revealed the scathing brutality of her aunt's nature. Charlotte, unable to understand fear, found herself gradually beginning to scorn her timid sister. Now she entered the room.

"Hello, Cornelia," she said, closing the door.

"Charlotte! How nice of you to come." The voice was light, the English perfect, the accent precise. She laid the book down and laughed delightedly. Charlotte had tried to imitate it—that trick of a laugh.

"I just got here. How's everything?"

"Fine. How long can you stay?"

"Two weeks."

"Oh, wonderful." She seemed to be hunting something else to say.

"How's the battle-ax?"

Cornelia's eyes flashed. "She's sick."

"Sick . . . bad?"

"Not seriously, no."

"I could almost say 'damn'."

Cornelia didn't answer.

"What is it?"

"Heart."

"Oh. It's a wonder her temper didn't catch up with her long ago."

Again Cornelia didn't answer. For a moment, Charlotte felt something like sympathy.

"She's not very kind, is she, Cornelia?"

"No."

"Why don't you leave her?"

After a pause she answered, "I don't know. She says I couldn't meet the world."

"Meet the world? What nonsense. Can't you see she's just trying to bully you?"

Once more her younger sister was silent.

"You're scared," Charlotte cried angrily.

"Yes," she answered emptily. But for a moment there was fire in the pale eyes. She was thinking of something Charlotte could not know—of the long drag of the years, of the way she had bent to the woman's will. At first, the death of her parents had been too great a blow. When Charlotte had advised her to enter school, she'd become panicky. Somehow she couldn't face it. She had never known anyone but her father and mother, and on them she had poured out all her love. It had taken time to recover; and the recovery had been poisoned by the aunt's scorn for her parents' ideals. She never remembered afterwards when or why she first wrote down the frantic dreams of her soul, but they came as a relief, and slowly enveloped her in a sweet oblivion until it became a passion in itself—this writing. Now Cornelia was trembling. It had all crashed three nights ago when her aunt had found and burned all her treasured papers. And she could not fight back even then—even then in the terrible sickness that overwhelmed her; she could not cut the knot.

"She hadn't any right to . . ." she cried wretchedly as she swung back to Charlotte now in her own room.

Charlotte gasped at the hot silver of her eyes. "You hate her," she said in quiet surprise.

"Yes! Yes, I hate . . ." The clock on the little table buzzed sinisterly. Cornelia stopped, pressed her hands against her face and stood still a long moment.

"I have to go and give her medicine."

\* \* \* \* \*

Charlotte had waked late that night, uneasily. As sleep left her, she became aware of hushed noises in the hall, voices, and hurried footsteps. She slipped quickly into a wrap and let herself out into the hall. Cornelia was just coming out of their aunt's room; her face was horribly contorted.

"Cornelia, what is it?"

"Charlotte! Charlotte!"

Charlotte grasped her shoulders. "Tell me."

"She's dead." All the horror was gone; it was a cold, simple statement.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the funeral, Charlotte had gone back to school; Cornelia had stayed to manage Riverside. What she could do, Cornelia didn't know. It wouldn't have mattered anyhow, for less



than four months later Charlotte was to change the whole course of her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late in April. The air was heavy with forsythia and budding grass. The rains had gone and the banked twists of the river road freed themselves of their mud jackets.

Charlotte drove up to the house determined to go through with it. Ever since she had thought of it, there had been no question in her mind. Cornelia was phantom-like nowadays; what had once been a dread that held her at Riverside was now a ravishing terror. Charlotte carefully rehearsed how she would approach Cornelia. She didn't really know whether Cornelia had deliberately administered the fatal overdose of medicine or not. It didn't matter, not as long as she could convince Cornelia she held proof that would convict her. Few people knew there had been such a mistake—herself, Cornelia, Dr. Austen. It ought to be simple.

Cornelia met her at the door.

"Charlotte! I'm so glad you've come."

"It's nothing special—just a day off."

"A day? Isn't this a long trip for a day? I mean,—well, won't you have to start back to school tonight?"

"Yes."

Cornelia was puzzled. She waited.

"Cornelia, you still write?"

There was an instant guardedness.

"Who told you?"

"Aunt Edith—the night she died. She showed me a few things she hadn't burned." Charlotte paused. "I saw her just after you gave her the medicine. I thought the things were quite good. What have you done lately?" Charlotte sensed the wariness in her sister. All at once she was afraid of what she was going to do. This girl had never seemed like a sister to her; her strange mind frightened Charlotte now. She shook it off. By Heaven, she'd slaved to be able to write. And she couldn't. She was not fool enough to deny defeat. But she had to write; after the place she'd made for herself at school, she'd be expected to—Cornelia could . . .

"Cornelia, please! Oh come, do show me. I'm very interested."

So Cornelia had brought forth her precious MS. Charlotte had not been wrong. There was something of Cornelia in the

pages. Charlotte knew she held the stuff of genius. It was after dinner—sitting across the table from her that she dropped the bombshell.

"Cornelia, I want your works."

"What are you tanking about?" Cernelia asked baffled.

"Simply that you are to sign my name to everything you write after this."

Cornelia felt herself go numb. Was Charlotte crazy? What was she talking about? She was not prepared for this. For Charlotte's praise, maybe; maybe for her scorn. But not for the hard eyes holding hers now. Her fingers wrestled meaninglessly with the buttons on her dress.

"Why?" So lately free of her aunt, and now . . .

Charlotte was going on, "I think it would be wise not to argue, Cornelia. I wouldn't care to repeat what I know of your relations with our aunt, nor of your nursing technique."

With a white face, Cornelia stood up.

"What . . . ?" but she couldn't finish.

"You'll sign Charlotte Mord to that MS or you'll face trial for the murder of Aunt Edith."

All the half-crazed frenzy of the months since she had accidentally mismeasured her aunt's medicine suddenly rushed over Cornelia. She remembered her desperate nausea that night after she'd realized her mistake . . .

"Aunt Edith's death was a mistake!" she screamed.

"Your mistake, Cornelia," Charlotte's voice came to her as she felt the world of blackness closing in.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cornelia had been delirious for several weeks. Torturing visions of her aunt's hard face changed into Charlotte's, into her aunt's, into Charlotte's again. She was powerlessly watching her aunt burn her papers—no, it was Charlotte. Charlotte sneering at her father,—no, no,—her aunt! A courtroom and thousands of Charlotte's and her aunt's ghosts chanting, "You wanted it to happen . . . you wanted . . ." She would wake sobbing in the bleakness of her sick room. There were times, in the first days, when Charlotte weakened, but it passed. At last Dr. Austen's patience had its way and the craving for death seemed replaced by an indifference almost as painful to everyone but Charlotte.

But when she regained strength, she sent for Charlotte. "I'm refusing, Charlotte."



"You know you'll probably be convicted."

"I've been death's playmate for weeks, Charlotte. I'm not so frightened now."

"No, no you haven't. Not death's playmate—insanity's." Charlotte didn't have to say any more; Cornelia knew it was true.

\* \* \* \* \*

The manuscript had been published, and overnight had jumped to a best-seller. As the letters poured in from her college friends, Charlotte was glad Cornelia had stayed in the old house, had been tutored in the musty-curtained parlor. Alone she had studied, alone without the friends who could have dragged her back to the normality of the days before her parents' death. Charlotte's eyes narrowed to small emerald slits as she skimmed over the critics' discussions of "Forsaken Valley." So they were amazed how such an uncanny, fantastic tragedy had come from the pen of one so coolly unemotional as Miss Charlotte Mord! They needn't be. It was Cornelia's passion, not hers. And Cornelia was a fantasy; had been ever since her sensitive sweetness had been marred by the hatred of her aunt, ever since the end of hatred had meant the beginning of fear. Catching her own reflection in the mirror, Charlotte herself was afraid a moment, but then it was over. Slowly, deliberately, she refolded the newspaper and reached for the phone. She must make an appointment with the hairdresser before the reception tonight.

*Ectasy, Ashes of Glory, Pale Skies, and Denied* put Charlotte on a pedestal in the next few years. She had moved Cornelia to her Catskill cabin. It no longer mattered to Cornelia that she was writing in Charlotte's name. Her illness had numbed her. If the orientalism of her childhood and the repression of her youth had not broken her, the illness touched the key. She accepted her existence as it was, but she lived in the unrestrained, almost mad flights of her mind. Sometimes she woke clearly enough to fear the path she let herself take but there was nothing, no one to sustain the fear. She felt as though she were in the clutches of something wholly inescapable, and she surrendered. The air, the sun, the long walks in the woods brought back the magic of her loveliness. She wrote without bitterness, even eagerly. Charlotte hardly ever went to the mountain cabin, and so Cornelia lived free.

And Charlotte, secure on her metropolitan pedestal, thought little of her sister. She lived in her own circle. It was late on a



lazy autumn afternoon that she had strolled into her apartment, slung her riding jacket on the sofa and then seen Larry on it.

Larry . . . the easy smile as he disentangled himself.

"I don't blame you for trying to suffocate me like that . . . Were the neighbors complaining about my snoring?" he wanted her to laugh, but she didn't. "I'm Larry Andrews from the Daily News."

"Oh, won't you sit down Mr. Andrews?" in a condescending, unimpressed tone.

But it had been more than that. It had been a warm, welcome panic inside her at his "Hello, Duchess" on the phone in weeks to follow. It had been longing as she watched bronzed fingers flick ashes on the carpet; it had been more than she could disguise when his eyes, his arms, his mouth wanted her. People began thinking in terms of Larry and Charlotte that winter.

And then he had seen Cornelia! He'd come up to the woods unexpectedly to drive Charlotte back to New York. Cornelia had been there on the lawn playing with the dogs. Standing on the dusty running board of his car, Larry had watched her wrestle in the soft blue shorts, long coppery hair tangling in a dog's paw, strange silver eyes laughing in the perfect China face. None of Charlotte's poise, none of her art was in the slim girl as she drew back into the shadows when she saw him standing there over her. Nor was the faint musical voice that of Charlotte. And Larry reached over and helped her up. She was close against him, and wide-eyed like a child, her wet red mouth half curved, half parted.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year slipped away. A year of interviews, bright lights, and dazzling successes for Charlotte. A year of secret meetings of Cornelia and Larry at the cabin, a year of love and passion for Cornelia, of useless struggle against her bewitching youth for Larry. For he knew it for what it was—for madness. But Cornelia called it happiness. It was not even unnatural to her; she had ceased to consider things as natural or unnatural. She only knew he was a part of her, the part of her soul that she had so long missed. She lived in a paradise of waiting for him when he could escape Charlotte to come to her. At first Larry fought the aching for her, but he couldn't stay away from her. Suddenly, sometimes, when away from the spell of Cornelia, he would come to face the doubt of her mind, but it was so easy to forget when she touched him. He loathed himself for the treach-



ery to a woman like Charlotte. His worship for her was sane, but he was as caught in a hunger for the girl at the cabin.

And then *Lost Blessing* had flamed onto the market, had soared to tremendous popularity, had made Charlotte queen of her world, always with the brilliant Larry Andrews strong beside her. And Larry, once more the slave of Charlotte's magnificent perfection, felt surer—safer from the strange intrigue of Cornelia.

They came home from a reception one November night, and Larry took Charlotte in his arms in the spacious living room and asked her to marry him. But even as she answered her hair in the neat upsweep seemed to turn coppery and fall loosely down over her shoulders in the glow of the fire.

During the next weeks, that room was filled with laughter, din, and excitement. Gifts poured in, important black servants scurried about the kitchen, the phone rang incessantly.

And then one morning Charlotte was smoothing the pleats of her skirt before a huge mirror, and Larry was suddenly beside her. Not her Larry, but a new, a strange Larry.

"Why, darling . . ."

He stopped her kiss and took out a cigarette.

"Charlotte . . ."

"You know I'm waiting for you to tell me what's bothering you."

"Let's go for a ride."

"I'd rather not. Something's wrong, isn't it?"

"We've only got two more days."

"Something's wrong."

"This is Thursday."

"Larry!"

He stopped talking and said drily, "Yes, something's wrong."

"Is it about us?"

"Yes."

"You—I mean . . ."

"Charlotte, it's no good!"

"Why?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"Because I—Oh, God, Charlotte, because I'm in love with your sister!"

"Cornelia!"

"Yes, Cornelia."

She saw his face spin dizzily—larger, larger. What was he saying? His voice was so far away. He was so far . . . she felt

his strong grip on her arm. Strength flowed back into her.

"Cornelia . . . *you* and Cornelia? You're mad, Larry, you must be . . ."

"Yes, it's all mad," he said in a defeated voice.

"I won't let you . . . Larry, Larry!" The words poured out; she never could recall afterwards what she'd said. She never could forget the way he kissed her cheek and said quietly, "I'm sorry, Charlotte."

\* \* \* \* \*

In the lonely cabin to the north, a miserable figure huddled over a cluttered desk. "Charlotte Mord to Become Mrs. Laurence Andrews" glared the headlines of a paper crumpled on the floor. Cornelia had written her last story, but this was their story—Charlotte's, and hers and Larry's.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three hours after Larry left Charlotte's apartment he was found slumped over his spilt drink. Charlotte had been sent for, and had come immediately, her usually serene face taut and pale, her eyes swollen, her long nails digging crescents into her palms.

"Poison," she said. "Poison? You say he took poison? My Heavens, why would Larry want to take poison? I don't believe it!"

Where had she gotten the power to say that? Why hadn't that hot strangled feeling within her given away as she huddled in her chair? She closed her eyes, desperately trying to blot out the last few hours. But the pictures only glared brighter. The neat little pocket in her shimmering sequin bag, Larry's awkward greeting as she walked into the sleek uptown apartment, the glint of the rod as she'd stirred the drinks, her own squared shoulders and gloved hand on the door.

Unconsciously she looked toward the door. She couldn't believe it at first, but when she looked again hard, she knew it was Cornelia standing there in the door. Then with one faint cry Cornelia skimmed across to Larry's side. The newly printed book she carried slipped out of her hand and sprawled on the floor. *The Truth* . . . the title leapt up at Charlotte. For a second she lost the power to move. Cornelia was crying hysterically now, husky voices were trying to question her,—but that world had faded, was dim, remote, as against the hideous fear of *The Truth*. What truth had Cornelia sold to the world? Had the delicate sanity been snapped? Why had she come to New York? Certainly, she couldn't have known about Larry—not so soon.



Yet here she was. And there lay the book on the floor. Charlotte reached out for it; but a large masculine hand reached it first. Charlotte shrank back—the sobbing, the hum of the police, glass clicking in the hands of the fingerprint man—these things melted and ran together and somehow there remained only *The Truth*. Blackness choked her.

She had waked with the sting of salts burning in her nostrils. “Cornelia?” she’d gasped to the semi-circle of uniforms.

“Your sister’s been taken to headquarters, Miss Mord,” one of them had answered. Charlotte had stared at him blankly. He handed her the book.

Back in the shelter of her own rooms, Charlotte had dragged herself through *The Truth*. Vivid, ghastly, the scenes were there before her. Cornelia’s accident in the sickroom, the day Charlotte had carried Cornelia’s work back to college. Larry and Cornelia wandering together under the Catskill pines, the announcement of the wedding . . . And then there’d been the simple, that brutal, last statement: “But Charlotte will never have him. By the time you read this, I shall have killed my Larry. And God have mercy for this is the truth!”

\* \* \* \* \*

The even black letters seemed there before Charlotte now, floating into place in the surly waters at the dock . . . growing, growing. The moment was over. That life was past. In the distance the Christmas bells were ringing. The twisted, carmine mough tensed, cold eyes hardened. All these people knew, knew that Charlotte Mord was a fraud, that it had been her sister, now confined to an asylum, that had written the trail of sellers. The bundles of the woman near her jostled her a little. The ferry was almost against the wharf now.

There was a quiet splash as her body sank beneath the water, deaf to the excited screams above, and to the carrollers’ “Let nothing you dismay!”

LEANORE DIPPY

## ANSWERS

- |        |         |
|--------|---------|
| 1. (b) | 7. (a)  |
| 2. (c) | 8. (b)  |
| 3. (a) | 9. (c)  |
| 4. (a) | 10. (c) |
| 5. (c) | 11. (b) |
| 6. (a) | 12. (b) |

*An article every student will read—and every faculty member ought to read.*

## WHO KILLED DR. GIN?

The mangled body of Dr. George Warren Gignilliat, noted English professor at Wesleyan College, was discovered on the steps of the Candler Memorial library early this morning. Obviously the victim of a brutal ax murder, Gignilliat was found under the pieces of his famed brief case, with a Shakespeare book placed at his head in the manner of a tombstone.

The body was discovered at 6:00 a.m. by policeman Patrick O'Brien who is quoted as saying, "Sure 'an the body looked like a jig saw puzzle."

Macon police have rounded up some 450 suspects, mainly Wesleyan students, who are believed to have sufficient motives for killing the famed professor. 390 of these suspects have actually been heard to say, "I could kill that man."

Police, baffled by the unprecedented number of suspects and valid motives, are well into the Herculean task of sifting the evidence. Although this paper is not at liberty to disclose any names at present, five people are now being held on suspicion of murder.

One of the suspects, a prominent member of Gignilliat's Shakespeare class, is quoted as saying, "There're a lot of things I could kill him for, but the kiss-off was giving a Shakespeare test on the day of both Florida and Georgia homecomings."

"Ay, de bum don't like nothin' I write. He ain't got no taste, no appreciation for de arts, no intellect. He stinks," said another prominent suspect and student in Gignilliat's freshman English class.

Among the chief suspects is Gignilliat's wife, Mrs. Annie Gignilliat, who issued the following statement:

"For two years I've stood it—when he 'and er'ed'; when he cleared his throat; when he wrecked the car and blamed it on a fast moving truck; when he brought 200 students over for his annual tea; all that I could take. But when he said his only trouble was that he was Annie-mate, I gave up. I could have killed him."

"He gives Mythology tests on Mondays; ain't that enough?" read a statement issued by a member of Gignilliat's sophomore lit class.



However, disregarding these statements as routine, police are now centering their attention on another suspect who was rounded up a few hours ago. Garbed mysteriously in a white sheet, and of a somewhat ethereal complexion, he gave his name as Hamlet. For many hours the police questioned him, receiving no reply other than a mumbled, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

Finally however, utilizing a lie detector, the following statement was obtained. "Forsooth," declared the sheeted form, "for 20 years he's murdered me. At last I'll wreak my vengeance."

The pieces of Gignilliat's body are now lying in state on a pile of old test papers in Tate hall. The funeral has been slated for Sunday when Gignilliat will be quietly interred in an ink well.

BETSY HOPKINS

*Test your knowledge of Macon, "The Heart of Georgia," on the twelve items listed below. Check your answers with those on page 26.*

## O SAY CAN YOU SEE?

1. Who was the famous Macon Poet born on High Street?
  - (a) Harry Stillwell Edwards
  - (b) Sidney Lanier
  - (c) Frank Staunton
2. In which county is Macon?
  - (a) Jones
  - (b) Pulaski
  - (c) Bibb
3. What is the name of the brick school situated on Vineville Avenue?
  - (a) The Georgia Academy for the Blind
  - (b) G.A.B. School of Commerce
  - (c) Mount de Sales Academy
4. Where is Macon's Little Theater located? In an old stone building on
  - (a) Ocmulgee Street
  - (b) Cherokee Ave.
  - (c) Columbus Road

5. What is the name of the large park on the east bank of the Ocmulgee River?
- (a) Tattnall Square Park
  - (b) Washington Park
  - (c) Baconsfield Park
6. What is the preserved fortification in East Macon where the first white child in this vicinity was born?
- (a) Fort Hawkins
  - (b) Camp Wheeler
  - (c) Fort Benning
7. What are the athletic teams of Mercer University, Baptist co-educational institution, called?
- (a) Bears
  - (b) Bulldogs
  - (c) Tigers
8. How does the size of the copper dome on the Municipal Auditorium compare with others in the world?
- (a) Smallest
  - (b) Largest
  - (c) Average
9. What is the name of Macon's baseball team?
- (a) Poets
  - (b) Bluebirds
  - (c) Peaches
10. To whom is the monument at the intersection of Second and Mulberry Streets dedicated?
- (a) Former Macon mayor
  - (b) Famous general
  - (c) Soldiers of the Confederacy
11. What is the name of the large public library across from the Conservatory?
- (a) Price's Library
  - (b) Washington Library
  - (c) Bibb Library
12. Approximately what is the present population of Macon?
- (a) 67,000
  - (b) 92,500
  - (c) 125,000



"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—Bacon's *Essays*

## THOUGHTS BEHIND A BOOK

*Anna and the King of Siam*—Margaret Landon

Several months ago I saw the picture "Anna and the King of Siam" and I now have read the book on which it was based. In my opinion Margaret Landon's novel surpasses the movie which I thought superb.

*Anna and the King of Siam* gives a very realistic presentation of the inner life of an Oriental court. The reader can almost see the romance and terror of the harem with its comedies, tragedies, intrigues, and mysticism, and the splendor of the palaces and the squalor of the City of Women.

The first few chapters of the novel particularly impressed me. A confused jumble of thoughts that I gathered from those pages races through my mind. In several places Anna speaks of the Indian philosophy of "maya." Before taking philosophy "maya" meant nothing to me, but now I have at least a vague understanding of it, and so I wonder if there isn't quite a bit to the "mayan" conception of life. Are we all not little drops of water that are eventually absorbed in some great ocean? In another scene, Anna attends a banquet at which all the servants are Indians. As she watches them, she thinks, "Do they say to themselves with scorn, 'A little while, you fools, and our knives will slit your throats'." And as I read that I thought, "Aren't there millions of people today who are only waiting to hurt others so that they may better themselves in some material way? Is it useless to hope that someday the goodness in people will overwhelm the narrowness and selfishness that is now prevalent?" Further on Anna says "that a human being, whatever his color or creed or sex, has certain inalienable rights which other human beings have no right to violate." True as her statement may be is it not a bit too idealistic for where is it being practiced? Granted that people realize it is a good theory but have they not failed to make it a reality?

After the close of the first few chapters the rest of the book is concerned with the attempt of Anna Loenoweno to bring enlightenment and mental and physical freedom to the people of Siam. Her success is remarkable. In Siam her official capacity is that of governess to the royal children of King Monghut. Her most outstanding pupil is the young prince who becomes Siam's most progressive king. Because of her teachings he, as king, abolishes slavery and makes many beneficial reforms.

Thus I found *Anna and the King of Siam* an outstanding book, for it is both entertaining and stimulating.

PEGGY BEESON



*Hope for the teaching profession, some Wesleyannes want to join the ranks . . .*

## WE WANT TO TEACH!

"Of course I'm not kiddin'!" The girl gestured emphatically with her red-rimmed glasses. "I mean I really *want* to teach school."

"But can't you make more money doing something else—say, being a private secretary?"

"Maybe. That's not the point."

The girl with the bright spectacles is a typical upperclassman at Wesleyan College. She speaks for an increasing number of her fellow students who are showing a definite desire to make teaching their profession.

These girls have a new attitude toward teaching. They don't say, "Oh, I guess I'll teach—can't think of anything else I can do." That was the old approach. Moreover, it used to be expected that the girl with an A.B. degree would teach; it was one of the few respected careers open to her. Now, the college graduate has many alternatives, jobs with bright financial futures beckon, and teaching might easily be forgotten, or merely used as a stepping-stone, a way to mark time. Instead, it seems to have acquired a new significance.

Is it because of the current agitation for improvement in education and an increase in teachers' pay? "Salaries aren't that much better!" one Wesleyan senior exclaimed. Her roommate, who also plans to teach, added, "It will be a long time before teachers all over the country really get a square deal. But I'm willing to risk it."

The reasons seem to lie within the young women themselves. All of them agree on today's vital need for good teachers on all educational levels. What they share is a determination to fill that need wherever they can.

I do not mean to imply that Wesleyan is primarily a teachers' college. It is not. But approximately one-third of the students in the present Junior and Senior classes are enrolled in Education courses. They will receive a provisional teaching certificate from the State of Georgia when they complete nine semester hours of Education. Many of them plan to do post-graduate study at a university *before* they begin teaching.

"A liberal arts education is necessary for the broad cultural



background every teacher must have," they say. "Post-graduate work will insure further mastery of subject matter in a specialized field."

These prospective young teachers like people, some of them are especially interested in working with children, all of them want to give.

"Why, I worked in an office last summer, and I felt utterly useless! I want to accomplish something with my life."

This remark is typical of the girls who feel that teaching offers them their greatest opportunity for service.

Most of them believe that truly fine teachers are definitely in the minority, but the few they have had have strongly influenced their own desire to teach. They recall "what a fine person Miss Jones was, and how much she helped me;" they aspire to be like the Miss Joneses. A soft-voiced little blonde says earnestly, "Next to parents, teachers are just about the most important people in the world."

"One reason I intend to teach is that it's a good way to grow. I have a horror of getting into a complacent, self-satisfied rut." This from a vivacious brunette. She, and others like her, seek wider horizons. They want to learn, to develop their own personalities, and they turn to teaching for the means.

Above all, this group of girls who are soon to graduate from college feel their responsibility to the society which has made their own education possible. They believe that our hope for democracy, for world peace and fellowship, depends upon the way the coming generation is educated. Teachers, they know, can build character as well as enlighten minds.

"We must teach our children whatever ideas and principles we expect them to hold. The school can give them the right theories; more important, it can guide them in putting our democratic ideals into actual practice."

A forthright senior says, "Yes, I plan to teach. Frankly, I am pessimistic about the mess the world is in, but if anything can save us, the churches and the schools can. That's why I want to do my best to be the right kind of teacher."

Such is the attitude of the growing group of *Wesleyannes* who *want* to teach. With them, and with girls like them in other colleges, lies the hope for our educational system, and the future of our world.

LIBBA HARMAN



*We're sure there's no introduction needed.*

## A LETTER FROM MISS CARNES

Dear Girls:

A trip to New England and New York in October! Who would not be thrilled with the prospect? When Dr. Johnson sent me out to visit art and music libraries for two weeks, I gathered all the warm clothes I possessed, boarded a plane for Cleveland and there I had the first cool evening of my stay. It was slightly brisk in Cleveland and I thought smugly of all the warm necessities that made my bags too heavy for me to carry. It was not only the first cool evening; it was the very last. In Oberlin, Ohio, it was balmy and in Rochester, N. Y., in whose vicinity my teeth had chattered in early August a few years ago, mid-October was just plain hot and so it was in Northampton, Mass., Providence, R. I., and New York. Instead of shivering, I mopped my brow.

At Oberlin I visited the main library and the art and music libraries. The main library was excellent in every respect and the library staff were as cordial as if I had been a long-awaited guest. The art library was wonderfully stocked and equipped and the music library had a wealth of material in a crowded space.

At Rochester, I saw the Eastman School of Music, the last word in music libraries, I should think. It takes stamina to visit and observe for long hours at a time and at the Eastman School I developed a desperate need for a Coca-Cola. There seems a great dearth of Coca-Colas in Rochester and, when I was about to despair, I heard a shout of "Miss Carnes" and there was Ray Stubbs Ingley who taught voice here until last year and who is now at the Eastman School. Ray led me to a Coca-Cola machine and restored my strength. The Eastman School of Music library is a part of the library of the University of Rochester, as are the Art Library and the Woman's College Library, both of which I visited and liked very much. Then I went to see the University's great Rush Rhees General Library and there I saw a sight to gladden the heart of any librarian. They took me into a tower about four times the size of our main reading room and that tower room had absolutely nothing in it but eight flights of stairs running up the high, high walls. This was a future stack room, with all of this wonderful space awaiting the inevitable growth which some far-sighted person had foreseen.



At Northampton I saw a general library badly crowded, but with a lovely browsing room and a nice reserve book room. The art and music libraries were well equipped and I longed for more time to spend in Northampton, which is a fascinating place. There I saw our little Carol Bounds who lives in an old fashioned house with a nice group of girls and a house mother. Carol says she feels conspicuous when she goes to town in a skirt, as slacks and blue jeans seem to be town costume. However, the girls I saw going to class on Monday morning all seemed to have on perfectly conventional clothes.

In Providence, I saw the wonderful John Carter Brown library of Americana, published before 1800 which Dean Richardson told me was valued at \$35,000,000. It was nice to recognize some of our own McGregor items from the Georgia Room in such surroundings. This sum may possibly include the Annmary Brown Library which is a library of incunabula—books published before 1500. Some of these illuminated manuscripts were the loveliest things I ever hope to see. The Rhode Island School of Design was an interesting place.

In New Haven I saw the wonderful Sterling Library at Yale—an enormous, beautiful Gothic structure and like most Gothic structures, a little too dark for comfort. The planning and equipment were superb. The replica of Yale's first tiny library and the catalog made by its first president, were a depressing reminder that numbers of volumes don't make better men. The Yale Alumni Room and the browsing room were wonderful and there I saw one of the country's fine music collections and the art library.

And then New York and the Juilliard School of Music Library and the Columbia University Music Library. The prints and the photographs divisions of the Metropolitan Museum took me behind chained entrances and inside doors whose doorbells had to be rung and which kept me feeling anxiously that I really should know the password. Whatever that password was, it was supplied by the librarian of the textile division, a portly and impressive lady who turned out to have been one of my old assistants in the New York Public Library years ago. It was fun to see the Metropolitan behind the scenes—a far cry from the days of my youth when I trudged the galleries on weary feet and wished I had money to go to a matinee.

This time I didn't get to a matinee but I had two fine evenings of theater—one at "Brigadoon" which was all I had imagined

it—and more—in enchanting ideas, lovely dancing, and the most beautiful colors you can imagine. Then I saw Maurice Evans in "Man and Superman" and wished for Dr. Gin and his students. Shaw's lines are as delightful as they were thirty years ago.

Miss Cizauskas joined me for lunch on Sunday and sent you her love. Alice Burrowes Ritter and I had a long telephone conversation—she about her baby, I about CML's new stacks.

Home on Friday, October 16th, I had kept wondering how Wesleyan would look. I am happy to tell you that it looks fine and that I am very proud to work here. This little old place has charm. Our visitors always tell us that and in looking at it afresh, I find it is true.

With love,

KATHARINE P. CARNES